

**Grandfather's Pet.**  
This is the room where she slept,  
Only a year ago—  
Quiet and carefully swept,  
Blinds and curtains like snow,  
There, by the bed in the dusty gloom,  
She would kneel with her tiny clasped hands  
and pray!  
Here is the little white rose of a room,  
With the fragrance fled away!  
Nelly, grandfather's pet,  
With her tiny little face—  
I seem to hear her yet  
Singing about the place,  
But the crowds roll on and the streets are  
dear,  
And the world seems hard with a bitter doom,  
And Nelly is singing elsewhere—and here  
Is the little white rose of a room,  
Why, if she stood just there,  
As she used to do,  
With her long light yellow hair,  
And her eyes of blue—  
If she stood, I say, at the edge of the bed,  
And ran to my side with a living touch,  
Though I know she is quiet, and buried, and  
dead,  
I should not wonder much,  
For she was so young, you know  
Only seven years old,  
And she loved me, and loved me so,  
Though I was gray and old;  
And her face was so sweet and so true,  
And it still looked living when she lay dead,  
And she used to plead for mother and me  
By the side of that very bed!  
I wonder, now, if she  
Knows I am singing here,  
Feeling, wherever she,  
We hold the place so dear?  
It cannot be that she sleeps so sound,  
Still in her little night gown dress,  
Not to hear my footsteps sound  
In the room where she used to rest.

## ONLY A HUSB.

Tom Darcy, yet a young man, had grown to be a very bad one. At heart he might have been all right, if his head and his will had only been all right; but these being wrong, the whole machine was going to the bad very fast, though there were times when the heart felt something of its old truthful yearnings. Tom had lost his place as foreman in the great machine shop, and what money he had now earned came from odd jobs of tinkering which he was able to do, here and there, at private houses; for Tom was a genius as well as a mechanic, and when his head was steady enough, he could mend a clock, or clean a watch, as well as he could set up and regulate a steam engine—and this latter he could do better than any other man ever employed by the South Falls Manufacturing Company.  
One day Tom had a job to mend a broken mowing machine and reaper, for which he received five dollars, and on the following morning he started out for his old haunt—the village tavern. He knew his wife sadly needed the money, and that his two little children were in absolute suffering from want of clothing, and that morning he held a debate with the better part of himself; but the better part had become very weak and shaky, and the demon of appetite carried the day.  
So away to the tavern Tom went, where, for two or three hours, he felt the exhilarating effects of the alcoholic draught, and fancied himself happy, as he could sing and laugh; but, as usual, stupefaction followed, and the man died out. He drank while he could stand, and then lay down in a corner, where his companions left him.  
It was late at night, almost midnight, when the landlord's wife came into the bar room to see what kept her husband up, and she quickly saw Tom.  
"Peter," said she, not in a pleasant mood, "why don't you send that miserable Tom Darcy home? He's been hanging around here long enough."  
Tom's stupefaction was not sound asleep. The dead coma had left the brain, and the calling of his name stung his senses to keen attention. He had an insane love for rum, but did not love the landlord. In other years, Peter Tindar and himself had loved and wooed the sweet maid—Ellen Goss—and he won her, leaving Peter to take up with the vinegary spinster who had bought him the tavern, and he knew that lately the tapster had gloated over the misery of the woman who had once discarded him.  
"Why don't you send him home?" demanded Mrs. Tindar, with an impatient stamp of the foot.  
"Hush, Betsy! He's got money. Let him be, and he'll be sure to spend it before he goes home. I'll have the kernel of the nut, and his wife may have the husk!"  
With a snuff and a snap Betsy turned away, and shortly afterward Tom Darcy lifted himself up in his elbow.  
"Ah, Tom, are you awake?"  
"Yes."  
"Then rouse up and have a warm glass."  
Tom got upon his feet and steadied himself.  
"No, Peter, I won't drink any more to-night."  
"It won't hurt you, Tom—just a glass."  
"I know it won't," said Tom, buttoning up his coat by the only solitary button left. "I know it won't."  
And with this he went out into the chill air of night. When he got away from the shadow of the tavern, he stopped and looked up at the stars, and then he, looked down upon the earth.  
"Aye," he muttered, grinding his heel in the gravel, "Peter Tindar is a king the kernel and leaving poor Ellen the husk, and I am helping him to do it, I am robbing my wife of joy, robbing

my children of honor and comfort, robbing myself of love and life—just that Peter Tindar may have the kernel and Ellen the husk! I'll see it!"  
It was a revelation to the man. The tavern keeper's brief speech, meant not for his ears, had come upon his senses as fell the voice of the Risen One upon Saul of Tarsus.  
"Well see," he replied, setting his foot firmly upon the ground; and then he wended his way homeward.  
On the following morning he said to his wife:  
"Ellen, have you any coffee in the house?"  
"Yes, Tom." She did not tell him that her sister had given it to her. She was glad to hear him ask for coffee instead of the old, old cider.  
"I wish you would make a cup, good and strong."  
There was really music in Tom's voice, and the wife set about it with a strange flutter in her heart.  
Tom drank two cups of the strong, fragrant coffee, and then went out with a resolute step, and walked straight to the great manufactory, where he found Mr. Scott in the office.  
"Mr. Scott, I want to learn my trade over again."  
"Eh, Tom! What do you mean?"  
"I mean that I'll go to Mr. Darcy, come back to the old place, asking forgiveness for the past, and hoping to do better in the future."  
"Tom," cried the manufacturer, starting forward and grasping his hand, "are you in earnest? Is it really the old Tom?"  
"It's what's left of him, sir, and we'll have him whole and strong very soon if you'll only set him at work."  
"Work! Aye, Tom, and bless you, too! There is an engine to be set up and tested to-day. Come with me."  
Tom's hands were weak and maimed, but his brain was clear, and under his skillful supervision the engine was set up and tested, but it was not perfect. There were mistakes which he had to correct, and it was late in the evening when the work was complete.  
"How is it now, Tom?" asked Mr. Scott, as he came into the testing house, and found the workmen ready to depart.  
"She's all right, sir. You may give your warrant without fear."  
"God bless you, Tom! You don't know how all sweet music the old voice sounds. Will you take your place again?"  
"Wait till Monday morning, sir. If you will offer it to me then, I will take it."  
At the little cottage Ellen Darcy's fluttering heart was sinking. That morning, when Tom had gone, she had found a two-dollar bill in her coffee cup. She knew that he left it for her. She had been out and bought tea and sugar and flour and butter, and a bit of tender steak; and all day long a ray of light had been dancing and skimming before her—a ray from the blessed light of other days. With prayer and hope she set out the tea-table and waited, but the sun went down and no Tom came. Eight o'clock—almost nine. Oh, was it but a false glimmer after all?  
Hark! The old step! Strong, eager for home. Yes, it was Tom, with the old grime upon his hands, and the odor of oil upon his garments.  
"I have kept you waiting, Nellie."  
"Tom!"  
"I didn't mean to, but the work hung on."  
"Tom, Tom. You have been to the old shop."  
"Yes, and I'm to have the old place, and—"  
"Oh, Tom."  
She threw her arms around his neck and covered his face with kisses.  
"Nellie, darling, wait a little, and you shall have the old Tom back again."  
"Oh, Tom. I've got him now—bless him, bless him. My own Tom. My husband, my darling."  
And then Tom Darcy realized the full power and blessing of woman's love. It was a banquet of the gods, was that supper—the household gods all restored—with the bright angels of peace and love and joy spreading their wings over the board.  
On the following Monday morning, Tom Darcy assumed his place at the head of the great machine shop, and those who thoroughly knew him had no fear of his going back in the slough and joylessness.  
A few days later Tom met Peter Tindar on the street.  
"Eh, Tom, old boy, what's up?"  
"I am up—right side up."  
"Yes—see. But I hope you haven't forsaken us, Tom?"  
"I have forsaken only the evil you have in store, Peter. The fact is, I concluded my wife and little ones had fed on husks long enough, and if there was a kernel left in my heart, or in my manhood, they should have it."  
"Ah, you heard what I said to my wife that night?"  
"Yes, Peter; and I shall be grateful to you for it as long as I live. My remembrance of you will always be relieved by that tinge of warmth and brightness."

## A NEW GOLD COIN.

A new fifty-dollar gold coin is shortly to be struck from a die now being prepared by the officers of the Philadelphia mint. It is popularly supposed that this will be the first coin of that value struck in the United States, but such is not the case. In 1851 fifty-dollar gold coins were issued at the assay office in San Francisco. It is said that millions of dollars of this denomination were coined and went into use, but that they gradually disappeared, for the reason that they were intrinsically worth more than fifty dollars in gold by reason of the silver they contained in excess of the standard. They came to be used for mechanical purposes, or they were sent to the mint for recoinage.

## THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

**His Characteristics of Strenuous and Militant—A Charming Reserve.**  
A writer in an exchange says: Present occurrences recall to my memory the first verse of a poetical address once sent by the Finlanders to the Grand Duke Alexander, who now reigns under the title of Alexander II.  
For thee, oh, prince, come mother in our land  
Prays as for her own, in fervent love,  
Asking all that she would demand  
For her own child, from Heaven above.  
Although these are merely the words of a cantata, the sentiments they express were really those of all the inhabitants of Finland toward the young prince. Before his arrival in their province the administration of the Admiral Menschikoff had been exceedingly harsh toward the whole population. The governor was too brusque and whimsical, and the subordinate rulers presented the same characteristics in an exaggerated form. Trifling occurrences of every day life were disagreeably inspected, and the following incident will serve to illustrate the petty interference to which the Finlanders were constantly subjected. A hunter once lost a valuable dog, and offered a large reward for an answering dog to the name of "Tyrant," but when the notice appeared in the daily papers the name of the dog was changed to that of "Fidèle," much to the astonishment of the owner. Investigation proved that the authorities had inspected all matter that was offered for publication, and imagining that "Tyrant" was too personal in its application to the autocrat, ordered it substituted by that of "Fidèle." In proportion as Prince Menschikoff was hard and exacting the grand duke was lenient and kind. The character of the present czar is, in fact, a combination of strength and mildness, and he seems to have been endowed by his two predecessors with these qualities, so different, and for which they were distinguished. From the General Maier he received cool reason and correct judgment; and from the poet Jonkowski, ideal inspirations and noble sentiments. His marriage with Princess Marie is tinted with romances, and does credit to his head and heart. About the year 1840 the prince became a prey to serious melancholy, and, in order to obtain relief by diverting his attention from accustomed objects into another channel, he was ordered by his physicians to make a tour through Germany. As he was then of marriageable age, all the kings and dukes rallied each other in their endeavors to present their daughters favorably before him. But the young prince remained deaf to all these manifestations. He arrived at length at the court of Hesse Darmstadt, where the grand duke also prepared grand fetes in honor of his illustrious guest, but, unlike the other princes, did not place his daughter in a conspicuous position, which would have been, in truth, distasteful to her, as she was naturally modest and retiring. It was precisely this charming reserve which induced the heir presumptive to the crown of Russia to demand in marriage the hand of the Princess Marie. Since the second of March, 1855, the Grand Duke Alexander has borne the title of czar, and he has shown himself to all his subjects, as he did to the Finlanders, a promoter of the welfare of his people. The most important act of his reign up to the present time is the emancipation of the serfs, to which he consecrated all his energies in opposition to the advice of his principal counselors. If Poland cannot forgive the severity with which his late insurrection was punished, and which Alexander II. is unable to pacify, the Russians at least know that their chief is always ready to defend their interests.

## Slaughtering Animals.

It has been discovered by a French chemist that the flesh of animals which is killed in the latter part of the night will keep much longer without rotting than it will when they are killed in the daytime. This proves that the flesh is better fitted for keeping when the life and blood are taken from the animal at the time the temperature is the lowest and respiration is the least active. Hence the reason that the flesh from animals that have been highly heated or hard driven will scarcely keep at all. It is no new discovery that the meat of an animal killed after rest will keep better than that killed immediately after exercise. As animals rest in the night, the meat will, of course, be better in the morning. The reason why the above facts are so is this: Exercise draws the blood to the extremities and distributes it through all the veins. After rest it gradually returns to the vitals and circulates more sluggishly. Of course, if an animal is then killed, the arteries and large veins being cut, the blood is at once emptied. But, if killed while the blood is at the surface, distributed through the small veins, it will not be discharged. As blood coagulates sooner than flesh, the meat spoils.

## A Chinese Giant.

A veritable giant is on exhibition on J street, between Third and Fourth, San Francisco, Cal. The giant is a shrewd, good-natured and rather dignified Chinaman, who has donned a mandarin's costume, and sits in a chair large enough for a summer house. He is the most massive man ever seen in the city. A large-headed man cannot encircle the wrist with one hand, and two of the giant's fingers make an ordinary hand stretch to encircle them. A man five feet eight inches can stand erect under his out-stretched arm and not touch it with his head. Ordinary men have to tilt their hats and look upward to his face. He stands seven feet nine inches high, and claims that he weighs 412 pounds. He is a finely proportioned man, not at all corpulent—in fact, hard muscled and compact in frame, and moves with the ease of ordinary men.

## FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

**Household Hints.**  
**REMEDY FOR COLIC.**—A slice of lemon bound on, or bread soaked in vinegar.  
**FOR THE GUMS.**—Alum water will harden the gums and prevent loosening of the teeth.  
**INDIAN DYSENTERY REMEDY.**—Root and leaves of blackberry bush boiled down; a gill before each meal and before going to bed.  
**CANCER CURE.**—The use of red clover tea is said to be an effective cure for cancer, even if of long standing and malignant. The red tops should be boiled in water, and about a quart a day drunk and the tea used as a wash twice a day. Mississquoi water will remove the offensive smell from cancer or sores.  
**TO CLEAN HAIR BRUSHES.**—It is best to clean two at a time, in this way: First comb them well, to remove the loose hair or dust, then dip the brushes only in very warm water, sprinkle each brush with plenty of powdered borax and rub the two together; after they are thoroughly cleaned, have a pitcher of hot water and pour it over the brushes; keep the back of the brush as dry as possible; shake the water well out, and dry quickly in the sun; brushes washed in this way will retain their stiffness.  
**TO LAY DRY A BROWN FOULARD CAMBRIE DRESS.**—Have a tub partly filled with very warm water; throw in a large tablespoonful powdered borax; wet only one piece of the dress at a time; first the bodice; use very little soap, and only on very soiled places; use a board if desired; rinse in clear warm water, and then turn the bodice on the wrong side and starch it in this starch; when making the starch add one teaspoonful powdered borax to a pint of starch; it will prevent sticking; be very careful not to get any starch on the right side of the bodice; hang it to dry in a shady place and where the wind can dry it quickly. While the bodice is drying wash the overskirt in the same way, using the same water and salt; the underskirt is the most soiled; wash that last; by this time the bodice is nearly dry; roll it up tightly for fifteen minutes; have good hot iron ready; then spread your bodice out nicely on the ironing board; have a bowl of warm water and a clean cloth handy, so that should any starch show on the right side you may sponge it off; it is best to iron on the wrong side if possible; iron the skirts in the same way.  
**Milk and Butter.**  
There are no farmer's productions, says the Maryland Farmer, so subject to injuries from any slight causes as milk and butter, and none so sensitive to unpleasant odors of every kind; none that are so much and so readily deteriorated in value as these are. Hence, all kinds of uncleanness should be avoided, and the utmost neatness should be observed in every step of the production and marketing, from the very feeding, handling and milking of the cows, as well as treatment and handling of the milk, with the churning, working and putting up of the butter. All the implements used, the water and salt used, and the room occupied in keeping the milk and making the butter, should be kept perfectly clean and sweet, in order to produce the best quality to secure high and fancy prices. No article that the farmer produces for market has such a wide range or difference in price as butter, not even cheese or choice fruit. We see by quotations in all the great butter markets that the prices of eating butter range all the way from one dollar to ten cents per pound, while greasy cooking butter is even lower than that; even the packages in which it is put up, whether tins, pails, tubs or rolls, affect the prices for which it sells. Grains and meats have but a small range compared to butter; the difference in the prices of butter is much greater than the difference in the cost; hence, it is much more profitable to make and sell a first-class article than a poor one.  
**Poultry in Orchards.**  
Keeping of poultry in orchards is a matter that should be practiced when possible. We believe that if farmers and fruit raisers knew the benefits arising from such management, they would at once adopt it. Last fall we visited an orchard in which fowls were kept, the owner of which told us that the trees made little or no growth, and only a corresponding amount of fruit was obtained. But what a change was evident now. The grass was kept down, the weeds killed, and the trees presented an appearance of thrift which the most enthusiastic horticulturist could not but admire and envy. The growth of the trees was most vigorous, and their foliage remarkably luxuriant. The fruit was abundant, of large size and free from worms and other imperfections. This excellence was accounted for by the proprietor, who remarked that the "fowls ate all the worms and caterpillars in their reach, even the canker work." He found less trouble with their roosting in trees than he expected, and that a picket fence six feet high kept them within bounds. His orchard was divided into three sections, and the fowls were changed from one to another, as the condition of the fowls or the orchard section seemed to require.—*The Poultry World.*  
**Scoury-Leg Among Chickens.**  
I have a chicken that is very much troubled with a sore leg. At first the part around the spur began to swell; in the course of a week or so, on this place grew heavy scales; it remained in this condition about two weeks, when the swelling increased, and the scales continued to grow until the swelling covered the whole leg. Now and then these scales drop off, but others come on in quick succession. It seems to be extremely painful for the chicken to put its foot on the ground. I think it has been in this condition nearly two months. If you know anything that will cure it, please let me know.

Your chicken has what is called "scoury-leg," a disease somewhat analogous to it in other animals. It is likely to prove contagious, and will often spread through an entire flock unless checked at its first appearance. Remove the affected fowl or fowls from the others and put in a dry pen; then wash the legs with a weak solution of sugar of lead, say a piece as large as a good sized pea in a teacup of water. Then anoint the legs with an ointment made of clean lard, and a little creosote or oil of sulphur. Keep the fowls out of wet grass, and housed during rains, and a cure will soon be effected.

**The Newest Western City.**  
A Denver (Col.) correspondent writes: Few places of 22,000 population are more active or more attractive than Denver. Hardly eighteen years old, it is filled with neat and tasteful and often expensive houses. There is not a city that would not rejoice in the possession of so many moderate-sized and tastefully-constructed two-story brick, with large yards, the grass of which is kept green and fresh by constant use of the hose. Trees have been planted in almost every street, and appear to be flourishing, while the gutters run with pure water. From every street the foot hills, only low in comparison with the snow-capped mountains behind them, are seen rising apparently four or five miles off, but really at three times that distance. The summits of these "hills" are often 10,000 feet above the sea level, while the highest of the snowy peaks—"Geyser"—is 14,450 feet. The altitude of Denver itself is 5,317 feet. The extreme lightness and clearness of the atmosphere is very deceptive, and a man may walk miles before he reaches an apparently near object. The atmospheric dryness is as great as its rarity. One's hair becomes dry, and manifests an obstinate determination to stick out in all directions. If wet, it dries in five minutes. One can hardly get into a perspiration if he tries ever so hard. Some strangers feel light headed; others are made sleepy, while some cannot lose consciousness after tossing about for half a night. A headache over the eyes is not an uncommon symptom on first arising. The benefit of the climate for consumptives is too well known to need detailed facts. Its drawbacks are occasional sudden and remarkable changes of temperature, a fall of fifty-seven degrees in an hour having been noted, a tendency to aggravate neuralgic rheumatism, and a development of catarrhal symptoms. Everything is costly here; fruits are brought from California and the East, potatoes are sold by the pound, fruit is \$5 and upward for the sack of ninety-eight pounds, and goods of most descriptions range at about thirty per cent. over Eastern prices. Splendid teams are numerous. Some of the churches are handsome and elegantly fitted up, and nowhere will one see a larger proportion of well-dressed and well-bred people. Many of these are the consumptive invalids who are either temporary or permanent residents. When the lungs are only slightly affected or the tubercles have not given place to cavities, a perfect cure, or at least an important check in the disease, is generally effected. Advanced cases, however, usually reach a termination here more speedily than at the East.

## A Strange Story.

A fresh breeze of wind was blowing up Loch Sunard. We went rattling along under a snoring breeze, passed Mingary Castle and Strone McLean, connected with which there is a story. McLean was a famous freebooter when McLean was in possession of Mingary Castle. McLean's wife was fair and vain. McLean was handsome and cunning. He, the enemy of his husband, won her affections. She agreed to admit him to the castle upon a certain night, to murder her husband, on condition that he would marry her. McLean accordingly entered the castle at night and murdered the old chief. McLean, however, left an only son, and McLean insisted upon the woman putting to death the son, who alone seemed to stand in the way of his subjecting the district to his own sway. The woman agreed to this, and, accompanied by McLean, reached the wild precipice to throw her child over into the ocean which foamed below. The mother took the child in her arms. She twice swung it in the air to cast it from her; but not doing so, she was asked by McLean why she delayed.  
"The child," replied the unfortunate woman, "smiles in my face whenever I attempt it."  
"Turn your face away and look not at its smiles," was the bandit's reply. The woman did so, and the child was thrown over the rock. She had no sooner accomplished the deed than McLean turned upon her and said:  
"Away, horrid woman! You, who could thus murder your husband and child, might murder me."—*Memoirs of Dr. Macleod.*  
**Distance of the Stars.**  
In a recent lecture in Edinburgh on "The Stars," Prof. Grant said that a railway train, traveling day and night fifty miles an hour, would reach the moon in six months, the sun in two hundred years, and Alpha Centauri, the nearest of the fixed stars, in forty-two millions of years; a cannon ball, traveling nine hundred miles per hour, in 2,700,000 years; and light, traveling 185,000 miles per second, in three years. Light from some of the telescopic stars takes 5,760 years to reach the earth; others 500,000 years. These stars, therefore, may have become extinct thousands of years ago, though their light comes to our eyes. Alpha Lyra is 100,000 miles from us, and its magnitude and splendor are as twenty to one compared with our sun. The sun is neither greater nor smaller than most of the stars.

## THE WAR IN THE EAST.

**The Two Contrasting Armies, and the Relative Merits of the Combatants.**  
It is worthy of remark that the ordinary Turk and the ordinary Russian, deadly enemies though they are, resemble each other so closely that any general on either side may almost divine the good and bad qualities of his opponent's troops from those of his own. Both possess the stubborn, self-contained valor which shows itself in defense rather than attack. Both are stolidly enduring, unflinchingly patient under every form of hardship, devoted to superstition, obedient to the death. Both lack the flexibility of more cultivated races—fighting well in heavy masses, but utterly helpless in any emergency which calls for individual action. Finally, both are confirmed fatalists. The Russian as Osmanli consoles himself in trouble by ejaculating "Kismet," (destiny), the Russian mutter: "Takunye na redno napistano," (it was so written at my birth). When the cholera devastated Russia in 1871 many of the sufferers refused all aid, saying that "if they were to die, no medicine could save them—if to live, none was needed."  
It must be remembered, however, that both armies, as they now exist, are quite modern, the Russian system having been virtually created by the protracted wars of Alexander I., and elaborately remodelled under the present czar. The Turkish system dates back only to 1826, before which time the famous Janissaries represented Turkey's military strength. The extermination of these by Mahmud IV. cleared the way for the existing organization, with its twelve special services, and its Nizam, or regular army; Ikhtidat, or reserve, and two Redifs, or supplementary reserves.  
The Russian cavalry, though shrewd, is of inferior quality; but the artillery is allowed to be excellent, and the foot, especially when formed in close column, possesses a stubborn tenacity which Frederick the Great exemplified in saying that "one must kill a Russian first, and knock him down afterward." The same description applies equally well to the Turkish forces, their artillery especially having been marked efficient in the present war. The endurance of both Turk and Russian may be estimated by those who remember how the Cossacks of 1873 marched through the Khivan Desert, fully equipped, under a heat of 120 degrees in the shade—how the army of the Yemen, in 1871, twice went into action after a thirty-six hours' fast—and how the Russian regiment of Kabard, in the Caucasus, starved for two days, and fought a desperate battle on the third.  
Both armies are equally ill-officed, the few able men on either side being foreigners; but the Russians have at least the merit of being able to obey even a foreigner who shows himself fit to command, as in the cases of Benningsson, Barclay de Tolly, Wittgenstein and Prince Schwartzberg. On the other hand, a foreign general commanding Turkish troops stands in greater peril from his own men than from the enemy, especially if he be unsuccessful; and it happens that at present an unusually large proportion of the sultan's leading officers—Reschid Pasha, Blum Pasha, Mehmet Ali, Hobsart Pasha, Valentin Baker—are of foreign extraction.  
As yet the war has been uniformly characterized by a methodical precision and careful avoidance of anything like dash as a thing not set down in the diagrams of Jomini. This, too, is common to both combatants, and has been fully exemplified by the extraordinary fluctuations of the Armenian campaign. Hitherto, the mistakes of each party in turn have been the salvation of the other; and the final result will doubtless exemplify, for the thousandth time, the truth of the old saying, that "war is a succession of blunders, and he wins who makes the fewest."—*New York Times.*  
**A Year's Earthquakes.**  
Manifestations of internal force beneath the earth's crust in the shape of either earthquakes or volcanic eruptions occur on an average nearly three times a week, in greater or less intensity, in some part of the globe. Such, at least, is the conclusion to be arrived at from the compilation of all the recorded phenomena of this kind in the year 1875, lately prepared by Professor Fuchs and published in a German scientific journal. Out of the 365 days of that year 100 were marked by terrestrial disturbances, of which authentic records exist, while there must have been many shocks of more or less violence in unrecorded portions of the globe where volcanic forces are known to exist. The most serious of these observed phenomena occurred at Cuenca, New Grenada, on the 16th, 17th and 18th of May, when several towns and villages were destroyed; at San Cristobal and Guadalajara, in New Mexico, on February 11; on Lafia island, in the North Pacific, March 28; at Lathore, in the Punjab, and at Porto Rico on the 12th and 21st of December. All these places, it will be observed, are in the torrid zone, with the exception of Lathore, which is only a short distance north of the tropic of cancer. It is estimated that no fewer than 20,000 persons lost their lives during the destruction caused by these earthquakes, while the damage to property was enormous.  
**Reading at Leisure.**  
Probably the most economical, pleasant and profitable employment for leisure is reading; it is a safe investment, upon which we may assuredly calculate our profits upon the principle of compound interest. And, when we reach that stage at which the eyes shall have grown too dim for the open page before us, we can still revel in the delights of memory, when the treasures we have accumulated in the hours of our youth shall gladden the otherwise tedious days of illness or old age.

## An Heiress Marries a Waiter.

One of the most romantic occurrences ever recorded in this city, says an Ottawa (Ont.) correspondent, has just come to light. The principal actors are a waiter, or it should now be said former waiter, of the Russell House here, named John Fields, and an American lady—Miss Parker—a member of one of the leading families in Boston. About two years ago the lady mentioned arrived in Ottawa, accompanied by her sister, and the two engaged a suite of rooms at the Russell. They were traveling through the country for pleasure and remained here ten days, this time being occupied in visiting the Parliament buildings, and other many points of interest. During their stay at the hotel it fell to the lot of these ladies to occupy seats at a table which was waited upon by the swell of the waiters' staff, John Fields. John is what may be called an average good-looking fellow, and furthermore is possessed of a pleasant good-natured seldom found among hotel waiters except when being "dropped" something. He had always been a great favorite with the guests, and it was soon remarked that the two American ladies appeared to view him with more than ordinary favor. John, who was exceedingly neat in his dress, had a pardonable habit of casting very frequent glances at the mirrors around the dining-room, and if possible his glances in that direction are more frequent than ever now. But to proceed. At last the day came which was to witness the departure of the fair ones. Shortly after luncheon Miss Parker requested to have John sent to the parlor, and there, in the most matter-of-fact manner, she informed him that he was the only man she could ever love, and implored him to marry her at once. He refused, giving as one reason his dependency on his pay as waiter for his livelihood. To this she replied: "Oh, I have enough for both." However, he held out in his refusal, and the ladies left. It will not be considered very strange that in a few weeks John left on a trip to Boston, but contrary to the expectation of those who were acquainted with his little adventure, he returned secured in his position as waiter. He remained in this position until about six weeks ago, having only been absent twice, when it is supposed he was visiting in Boston. Some time last month he gave up his situation and said he was going to the United States. He departed quietly from the city, and was almost forgotten, when a day or two ago the manager of the Russell House received an invitation to his wedding, which read as follows: "Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Parker receive friends at Granville on Wednesday evening, twenty-seventh June. Ceremony at seven o'clock." This at once explained the mystery of his sudden departure. The Parkers are said to be one of the best families in Boston and very wealthy, and Miss Parker is worth \$60,000 in her own right. The latter is under thirty years of age, while the husband has chosen for herself is about thirty-five.

## "My John."

A New Orleans paper has this: Governor Nicholls' apartments were crowded with many visitors who had called upon matters of business (and some without business), when suddenly the governor's attention was attracted by the door flying violently open, whereupon in stalked a female of no very small dimensions. The governor, with his usual urbanity, rose and asked the female to be seated; but this, with several other men, she peremptorily declined, at the same time asking: "Are you the governor?"  
"I am, madam," was the reply.  
"Well, sir, if you are the governor I would like to know where my John is." The governor became confused, and inquired, who is John?  
"Who is John, indeed?" reiterated the excited individual. "Who is John? why, sir, you as governor should know that John is my lawful, wedded husband."  
"I assure you, madam, that I know nothing of your John, as I have never seen him, and this is the first time I have ever had the pleasure of meeting you."  
Whereupon the infuriated female lissed forth: "You're a pretty governor, to be sure; governor of the State of Louisiana and not know where my John is! Why, sir, the duty of a governor, let me tell you, is to know where every decent, respectable woman's husband is."  
Thereupon she made a break for the door and came near upsetting the porter, who, as luck would have it, made a dexterous lunge to one side and saved himself.  
**Bridging the Danube.**  
The Russians seem to have built their bridges and crossed the Danube into the Dobruddsha very quietly. It was a bolder and more brilliant undertaking in 1828. The Turks had divided the intentions of the enemy, and had entrenched themselves opposite the point of crossing. The Russians had to make a canoe-way 7,000 paces in length before they could reach the bank, and were under fire while at work. They had a flotilla on the Danube, and when their canoe-way was complete they sent a detachment of infantry and Cossacks across the river in boats and landed below the Turkish earthworks. These troops carried the intrenchments by storm, and the Turks abandoned the attempt to dispute the crossing.  
Napoleon's passage of the Danube in the face of the Austrians before the battle of Wagram was still more brilliant. He concealed the materials for a floating bridge in the woods and brushwood; he sent across at nine p. m. two battalions of infantry, who held their ground till the bridge was completed; he then threw another corps across the river, and by daylight there were 70,000 soldiers on the other side.

## Beauty.

Beautiful, yes! but the blush will fade. The light glow dim which the blue eyes wear; The gloss will vanish from curl and hair, And the sunbeam die in the waving hair. Turn from the mirror and strive to win Treasures of loveliness still to last. Gather earth's glory and bloom within. That the soul may be bright when youth is past.  
**Items of Interest.**  
Pure silver can be bent into plates of which 110,000 make an inch.  
On the Malabar coast a flight of parrots is as destructive as locusts.  
A Mobile cow twenty-two years old has been the author of milk which sold for \$8,800.  
An elm tree is full grown in 150 years, and it lives from five to six hundred years.  
London is the most hospital-able city in the world. There are eighty-eight hospitals there.  
An American firm has received an order for 200,000 quinine pills for a government hospital in Rome.  
All great men have their traducers. It is even said, that once in his life, Columbus "left for parts unknown."  
A Kentucky man is reported to be operating daily a steam wagon of his own invention, which weighs about 3,500 pounds, runs at the rate of fifteen to twenty miles an hour, and can be turned easily.  
A peppery old gentleman, a great admirer of Wilkie Collins, was informed the other day that his favorite author had left the world. "Well, what of it?" he sharply retorted; "he doesn't write novels with his legs."  
A man in prison stretched his hand through the grating of the jail door in Liberty, Me., recently, and married a young lady on the steps of the building. He had been imprisoned a year for obtaining money under false pretenses. The bride returned to her home and the groom to his cell.  
**Was the Moon Always Dead?**  
Now that astronomers have almost by unanimous consent accepted the doctrine of the development of our system, which involves the belief that the whole mass of each member of the system was formerly gaseous with intensity of heat, they can no longer doubt that the moon once had seas and an atmosphere of considerable density. The moon has, in fact, passed through the same changes as our own earth, though not necessarily in the same exact way. She was once vigorous, as was our earth, though not at the same time nor for so long a time. She was once glowing with intensity of heat, though this stage, also, must have continued for a much shorter time than the corresponding stages of our earth's history. Must we not conclude that after passing through that stage the moon was for a time a habitable world as our earth is now? The great masses of vapor and of cloud which had girt our earth's whole globe, even as in the youth of our earth the seas enveloped her in cloud form, must at length have taken their place as seas upon her surface. The atmosphere which had supported those waters must at first have been dense by comparison with the present lunar atmosphere, perhaps even by comparison with the present atmosphere of our earth. Then the glowing surface of the moon gradually cooled, until at length the moon must have been a fit abode for life. But whether, when that swart and garnished into fitness for habitation, the moon actually became an inhabited world, is a question which will be variously answered according to our views respecting the economy of nature in this respect.  
**A Devastating Storm.**  
A tornado that occurred at Westfield, Mass., came eastward, through the gorge of Westfield river, and widened to half a mile, falling trees, scattering fences, and demolishing buildings, until its force was expended. It first struck the wall of the Salmon Falls paper mill, rebuilding on account of a recent fire, which fell, crushing in the engine-house, in which were two men, one of whom was seriously hurt. Two men engaged in plowing saw the storm coming, and attempted to reach a barn near by, but they and the horses were thrown to the ground and injured by flying stones. When they recovered their sight the barn was gone. A family of six persons in a house heard a whistling noise, and knew nothing until they found themselves on the floor several rods from the site of the house. The rest of the building was destroyed, as were also two quantities of crops, grass, and trees was also destroyed. At Chicopee Falls the wind blew down several barns and sheds and uprooted many trees.  
**How the Children are Brought Up.**  
The education of Queen Victoria's grandchildren is conducted on the principle that the prince consort introduced into the family. Particularly is this true of the children of the crown princess of Germany. They have to rise early and retire early. During the day they have punctually to perform their duties and to keep strictly the time allotted to the various branches of study and recreation. They breakfast at eight with their parents, and the time between ten in the morning and five in the afternoon is devoted to their lessons, with an interruption of one hour for dinner. Accomplishments, such as riding, dancing and skating, receive the same attention as art and science. Their meals consist of simple dishes, of which they have their choice, without being permitted to ask for a substitute, if what is placed before them does not suit. Only inexpensive toys are placed in their hands, and the princess dresses themselves without the aid of chamber maids.